

THE QUEST OF
THE GOLDEN PALM
A Fairy Tale.



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It is not only "absolutely harmless" but is also "absolutely beneficial"; it is not only "non wasteful" but is also "economical" & lathers equally well in hard or soft water.

A perfect Soap cannot be made in many grades & Golden Palm Toilet Soap is made only in one quality, the best & purest, scented with Rose, Violet, Heliotrope or Eau-de-Cologne.

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The Quest of The GOLDEN PALM

A Fairy Tale.

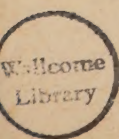


In the wide ocean of Sleep there lies a beautiful island called Dreamland. One can only reach it by sailing there in a ship of glittering stars, which the moon nightly guides over the deep blue waters. The passengers are nearly always weary when they clamber between the brass-knobbed posts of the gangway; but the cabins are so deliciously quiet and so snugly furnished with soft pillows and eider down quilts, that as the vessel leaves her moorings and glides down the River of Rest they lose their weariness in repose.

With all her white cloud-sails spread before the rose-scented breeze of night, she passes buoyantly out on the waves of the ocean of Sleep, the travellers being softly lulled by the faint sighing of the waters and the gentle rocking movement; and her crew of nightingales sing their sea songs so sweetly that the voyage seems all too short; and, indeed, but a few hours actually pass ere the ship noiselessly drops her anchor—a bright meteor—in the harbour of the Island of Dreams.

Here a lazy, impish, little waterman named Idle Fancy, sits in his dainty boat—upon the stern of which the word “Enchantment” is painted in red letters—smilingly awaiting the arrival of both grown up people and children by the wonderful ship of glittering stars.

One night a young man named Peter climbed up the gangway of the vessel and flung himself into the bunk in the cabin prepared for him. He



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Who might you be ?

was very, very tired: and he lay like a log, not knowing or caring where the ship of glittering stars might take him.

But he reached the Island of Dreams, all the same. The anchor of the ship was "let go," with a flash that illuminated the whole harbour; the cloud-sails turned into dew and fell upon the decks, to save the nightingale crew the trouble of furling them; and Idle Fancy, the waterman, sculled his boat alongside and took Peter to the landing stage.

Peter's weariness had quite gone now. He felt as fresh and lively as a young colt. He jumped ashore and climbed the steep cliff, turning to wave his hand to Idle Fancy, who was sitting on the gunwale of his boat, splashing his bare feet in the water, as though he had not a care in the world.

When Peter reached the main road he heard a shrill voice cry "Hulloa, who are *you*?"

He looked round and saw a little man with a long red nose, who was mounted on a skewbald pony, and dressed in a gold-braided blue silk tail-coat, knee-breeches, yellow stockings, and buckled shoes. Underneath his cocked hat he wore a wig; and the powdered pig-tail stood out a yard behind him, with a red tin flag stuck in the end, whilst a kitchen strainer and a wooden sword dangled at his side.

Altogether he looked very warlike and smart.

"My name is Peter," said our hero, staring at the wee fellow in astonishment. "Who might *you* be?"

"What!" shrieked the little man, "is it possible that anyone lives who doesn't know the Lord High Admiral and Head Cook at the Court?"

In his rage he beat his pony with the flat of his sword so that it reared and plunged.

"Whoa! whoa!" he cried, for he almost slipped off his saddle.

Peter laughed to see him struggling.

"Don't you dare to laugh, sir," said the Lord High Admiral, "or it will be the worse for you. How would you like me to cut off your head and boil it?" And he waved his sword, and swelled out, growing as red as a lobster.

Peter wasn't in the least afraid of the little man, but he pacified him because he thought he would burst a blood vessel if he got any angrier.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't know you. I am a stranger here," he said.

"Well, learn to be polite when you go into a foreign country," said the horseman. "I boil most of the strangers *whole*, if they are impudent. Learn to be polite!"

"Yes, sir," answered Peter.

"I'm in a hurry; but if you can find the Golden Palm, and bring it to me at the palace, I will promise not to boil you, and will make you a handsome present besides." And the little man shook his pocket so that the money jingled.

"Find the Golden Palm? What Golden Palm?" asked Peter.

"Oh, you stupid!" screamed the little man, getting into a fury again. "Where were you brought up? Haven't you heard of the Palm?—the Golden Palm?—Don't you know that it has been stolen?"

"No," said Peter. "I don't know what the Golden Palm is, or anything about it."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the Lord High Admiral; and he shook his reins and galloped off.

Peter followed slowly, wondering what made the Golden Palm so precious.



"I'm to be cooked," sobbed the fat man.

At a turn in the road he came to a large cage in which a very fat man sat crying so fast that his feet were already in a pool of tears.

Peter asked him what was the matter.

"I'm to be cooked," sobbed the fat man. "I'm to be cooked with turnips and onions for a royal banquet. I should have been in a saucepan a week ago, if the turnips were not backward this year." And he wept harder than ever.

"If you cry so much you won't have any tears left," said Peter.

"That won't make *any* difference," the fat man answered with dignity. "I have some friends left. When I have cried as much as I can, the crocodile comes round to help me."

"Oh!" said Peter. He had not much faith in crocodile's tears himself.

"I've been here ever since the Golden Palm was stolen," the fat man went on.

"The Golden Palm! What is all the trouble about the Golden Palm?"

"Was ever such ignorance!" exclaimed the fat man. "I thought the whole world knew about it. Well, I was Palm-bearer and Minister of the Toilet, and of course I loved the beautiful Princess Palmira; and the Lord High Admiral and Head Cook to the Court was my rival. One night someone stole the Golden Palm—and so, I am here, fattening. Don't you see it? The whole affair is as plain as a suet pudding."

Peter said he couldn't quite see it. "You are to be cooked for allowing the Golden Palm to be stolen. I grasp that. But what has the Lord High Admiral and Head Cook to the Court to do with it?"

"I'm afraid your head is made of solid mahogany," said the fat man with a sniff. "When I was Palm-bearer and Minister of the Toilet, my duty

was to abstract a small quantity of sap from the Golden Palm every morning, roll it up into a neat little cake of soap, and present it to the Princess Palmira who used it in her bath. Upon the loss of the Golden Palm, the Lord High Admiral, who also loved the Princess, went before the king and said that I was a traitor and had sold the precious treasure; and as Lord High Admiral, he demanded my arrest. Then he went out, and came back in his official capacity of Head Cook to the Court, and demanded that I should be handed over to him to be fatted for the next royal banquet.

"Having no Golden Palm, I lost my two official capacities, and so was debarred from raising an official objection to his demands. So the king ordered that I should be arrested and fatted. And here I am!" Then he burst into a fresh flood of tears.

Peter was now thoroughly interested in this ministerial tragedy. "Was the soap obtained from the Golden Palm so very excellent that all this fuss was made about it?" he asked.

"Excellent!" shrieked the fat man. "Excellent is not the name for it! Why the Princess's complexion grew more like roses and lilies every day, by its use. She was always a vision of beauty, but now she is as lovely as five hundred happy dreams rolled into one. She is the most beautiful girl on earth. What she would have become if the Golden Palm had not been stolen I cannot imagine. Language would fail to describe her! But you don't mean to say that you have never heard of the peerless Princess Palmira? It is astonishing!"

Peter thought he would like a glimpse of so lovely a creature. "How can I see her?" he asked.

"If I were only free from this odious cage"—the fat man began.

"That is soon done," said Peter. And he attacked the cage with such violence that he



"Thank you, young man," said the Crocodile,
with tears as big as soap bubbles.

succeeded in breaking the iron gate.

The fat man dried his eyes and stepped out of the pool of tears; but he had some difficulty in squeezing between the bars of the gate, as he had swelled considerably since being imprisoned.

Just then the crocodile strolled up. But the fat man was quite rude to it, saying he wished to countermand his order for tears, and would it bring his little account when he was disengaged.

The crocodile simply wept and opened its huge jaws very wide.

So the late Palm-bearer seized Peter by the arm, made his best court bow, and waddled off as fast as his legs could carry him.

"You shouldn't be so ungrateful," said Peter. "You were glad enough of its sympathy when you were in prison." Then he took a biscuit from his pocket, and turning round, threw it into the crocodile's mouth.

It swallowed the snack without closing its jaws.

Much to Peter's surprise it spoke.

"Thank you, young man," it said, with tears as big as soap bubbles, in its eyes. "You are a good fellow. We shall meet again." Then it gazed sadly at the late Palm-bearer, as though it had loved and lost him, and went off, singing:—

"Some day, some day,
O some day I shall eat you.
Love, I know not when—but *how*!
You are nicely fatted now,
And I've made a solemn vow
To *scrunch* you when I meet you."

The late Palm-bearer trembled like a jelly, and ran till he had a stitch in the side.

"You idiot!" he said to Peter between his

gasps for breath. "The crocodile only wept with me because he knew that I was intended for the palace kitchens, and not for him. O, you idiot."

Peter now fully understood the meaning of "crocodile's tears." But he had a proud spirit, and he resented being called an idiot. His lips curled. "You don't appear to be very wise yourself, or you wouldn't have lost the Golden Palm, nor would you have eaten so much when you knew that the king wanted to fatten you for the table," he said scornfully.

The late Palm-bearer hung his head. He sighed; and his mouth watered. "How could I help it? he asked. They fed me on chocolate creams!"

They had now reached a turning in the road, and upon a distant hill a beautiful marble city, in which stood a golden-domed palace, came into view.

"That is where the peerless Princess Palmira lives," said the fat man. "I *dare* not come any farther."

So he wrung Peter by the hand and made off into a neighbouring wood.

Peter went boldly on, ascended the hill, and marched up to the city gate.

"Who goes there?" said the sentry—a tiny curly-headed man, with a razor dangling at his side, and a huge shaving-brush on his shoulder.

"Peter," answered our hero, "who came from afar in the ship of glittering stars, to search for the Golden Palm."

This introduction, which occurred to Peter on the spur of the moment, seemed quite satisfactory; for the sentry presented arms with his shaving brush and said, "Pass, Peter, who came from afar in the ship of glittering stars, to search for the Golden Palm."

You may be sure that Peter saluted in return and walked through the archway, for he was very anxious to have one look at the peerless Princess Palmira.

He passed up the main street where he saw a lot of people all looking very sad, for the loss of the Golden Palm was nothing less than a national calamity.

But as soon as the sentry passed the word that this handsome young man had come from afar to search for the Golden Palm, the news travelled quicker than Peter, and the people lined the pavements and cheered him as though he were a prince.

He bowed right and left and strode on.

Before he reached the palace a group of courtiers met him. They all wore elegant soap dishes on their heads for helmets, and they held the covers in the place of shields, whilst nail-brushes dangled, sword-like, at their sides.

"The king is apprised of your excellency's coming," said he who wore the handsomest soap-dish, taking it off and bowing to the ground.

"This very fine language requires a fine answer thought Peter." Fortunately he had not read his story books in vain.

"Acquaint the king that his humble servant desires audience of his Most Condescending Majesty," he said, bowing low.

The courtiers all rattled their nail-brushes on the soap-dish covers, turned about, and marched ahead of Peter in the direction of the golden-domed palace.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, they went: and Peter, although a shy youth, felt very grand indeed.

When they came to the courtyard of the palace they found the king's body-guard, attired in handsome bath towels, drawn up in line on either side; whilst a brass band played "See the conquering Hero Comes," so heartily that Peter feared every man would burst.

"Those are the gallant Huckabacks," whispered the courtier next to Peter, pointing towards the brave bodyguard. "A very *fine* lot they are, too."

Peter thought they looked very cold; but said nothing.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, they all marched on to the martial strains, until they reached the golden door of the throne-room.

The knight Commander of the Bath—a very pompous person, with a sweeping moustache, clad in a suit of armour that glittered a long way off—stood at the entrance.

He bowed so low that his visor knocked the floor with the noise of a gong, and his armour being so heavy he had to be helped to his feet by the entire body-guard of Huckabacks.

"By my halidom," said he—for he was a well conducted knight—"by my halidom, the tip of my nose tingles."

At this Peter found it all he could do to keep from laughing.

The knight—rubbing his nose—led him to the king.

His Majesty's throne was a large silver wash-hand-stand; and he looked very proud and imposing, as he sat in the basin dangling his legs.

The Lord High Admiral stood leaning against the sponge basket, at the king's right hand, looking as haughty and wicked as ever.

Peter stepped forward and knelt on one knee.

"Welcome, stranger, who came hither from afar, in the ship of glittering stars, to search for the Golden Palm," said the king.

Just at this moment the princess entered the throne-room, and Peter could make no reply to the king, her beauty so dazzled and bewildered him.

The fat man had not exaggerated. She was the loveliest lady Peter had ever seen. She wore a flowing white, short-sleeved robe, her neck and arms were smooth as marble, her hair was bright as gold, her eyes shone like twin stars, her rosy lips seemed made for kisses, and her complexion was like the pink and white of apple blossoms.

Peter fell in love with her at once.

He bowed, as she turned her wondrous glance upon him, and—O delight!—she smiled and blushed bewitchingly, and her long lashes dropped before his gaze. Though the sun of her eyes had disappeared, the after flush of red illumined the sky of her beautiful face. It was the most lovely sunset that Peter had ever seen.

He put his hand upon his heart and knelt to kiss her dainty finger tips, as if he had been a courtier all his life—although really he had never been to court before!—for it seemed natural to him to kneel before so beautiful a being.

He felt himself blushing with proud shyness, as, at her feet, he asked her permission to search the whole world over and over until he found the Golden Palm.

He spoke so clearly that everyone heard him; and then the assembly broke into a shout of delight, "The Golden Palm! The Golden Palm! He goes to seek the Golden Palm!"

And the sounds reached the courtyard, and from the king's body-guard they were passed along on the breeze, into the streets, so that the whole city rang with the extra special news, "The Golden Palm! The Golden Palm! A stranger knight is going to seek the Golden Palm!"

Whilst this outburst was at its height the Lord High Admiral stepped down from beside the throne and whispered to Peter, "If you find it, mind you bring it to me, and I will reward you highly;" and he jingled some pence in his pocket.



"Who goes there?" said the sentry.



For thy tender hand will rest in mine.
To morrow, love, To morrow.

But Peter had no intention of doing anything so foolish. He saw that the wicked Lord High Admiral wanted to present the Golden Palm in order to press his suit for the hand of the peerless Princess Palmira, and this did not seem at all a desirable thing to Peter.

The king was so pleased with the loyalty of his people and the coming of Peter, that he sprang out of the basin, climbed on to the top of the throne, and in a very grand attitude, with one foot on the water jug, called for the Poet Laureate to be brought before him.

In a very few minutes the bard was dragged in by the courtiers. He had of course been raised to this high post because his verses were some of the feeblest in the kingdom ; and nobody ever thought of listening to him unless the king ordered it.

But now he had a full court and the king's command, so he strutted up and down for half an hour, with a splendid wreath of cabbage leaves upon his head, and made horrid grimaces whilst he was in the throes of composition.

At last the king would wait no longer.

"Come, come," he cried. "A stave in honour of the Golden Palm. If you don't begin, I shall have you cooked with the late Palm-bearer."

Then the Lord High Admiral and Head Cook to the Court smiled, and rattled his kitchen strainer.

This frightened the Poet Laureate, so he stood on tip-toe and squeaked out :

"Soap! soap!—Where is the soap?
I ask of the ocean, the wind and the calm.

Soap! soap!—Why did it slope?
What villain has stolen the Golden Palm?

Rum-tum-tumtity-tum, the king drummed with his fingers on the wash-hand stand.

"Thank you, that is very fine," said he.

"Very fine," echoed the whole court.

"There are eight hundred and ninety eight more verses quite as good," said the Poet Laureate. And he cleared his throat, and went on :

"Soap ! soap !—Where is the Soap ?
Palmira without it is *sure* to grow plain.
Soap ! Soap !—Everyone's hope !
I wonder if e'er she will use it again."

Rum-tum-tumtity-tum, drummed the king.
"Thank you, that is music indeed," said he.

"Music indeed," echoed the whole court.

"But, *oh*, so sad," added the king, wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve.

"*Oh*, so sad," sobbed the court.

"There are eight hundred and ninety seven more verses," said the Poet Laureate, as though he were saying something kind. And he began again :

"Soap ! Soap !—Where is the soap ?
For ladies a boon and a beautiful balm—"

"Stop ! stop !" cried the king, "I can bear no more." And his tears fell fast.

"We can bear no more," said the court.

"Slope," commanded the king, who had taken a fancy to the expressive word.

So the Poet Laureate turned and fled with the rest of the beautiful verses freezing on his lips, assisted in his departure by the pointed shoes of all the courtiers.

"Now," said the king, "I will offer a reward to spur you all on to deeds of heroism."

"Silence!" roared the Lord High Admiral. "Silence for His Most Condescending Majesty the King's proclamation. If any man speaks, he shall be boiled!" and he grew purple with excitement.

"Quite right," said the king, "boiled—*with turnips and onions.*" Then he raised his voice. "I Proclaim that whereas the Golden Palm is lost, stolen, or strayed, whosoever returns the said Golden Palm to me within two days shall have the half of my kingdom, and the hand of my daughter, the Princess Palmira, in marriage.

"That is the usual award?" he added, turning to the Lord High Admiral.

"*Quite* usual, Your Royal Greatness," said he. "It is *quite* according to all the well-known authorities." And he turned and looked at the beautiful, blushing girl at the king's side, as though she were already his.

Peter was watching him. "No, you red-faced little whipper-snapper," he said inwardly. "Not if I know it."

Then he gazed at the lovely princess, and sighed to think that he was only allowed two days in which to find the Golden Palm.

She observed his sadness and her bright blue eyes darted a glance at him, that said as plainly as eyes can speak, "Persevere, Peter,—find my golden soap branch—win me, for you are my true knight."

His heart throbbed with joy. He hardly dared to think that she loved him, and that if he found the Golden Palm so sweet a lady would be his bride.

At dusk—after a great banquet—the seekers of the Golden Palm set out from the marble city, with

the cheers of the populace ringing in their ears.

First went the Lord High Admiral on his skew-bald pony, prancing and curvetting, and making a great show, with the gas-light flashing on his gold braid and silver-buckled shoes, and his red tin flag of office stuck in the end of his pig-tail. He said he meant to follow his nose; and Peter thought that would not be a very difficult matter, for it shone very red and stood out like a ship's bow-sprit.

The nose turned to the East.

Next followed the Poet Laureate, singing the five hundred and fortieth verse of his poem.

He made for the West.

After him the sentry—who, whilst the Golden Palm was missing, had no use for the razor at his side and the shaving-brush on his shoulder—marched with a martial tread, left, right, left, right, with his curly head in the air, anxious to be able to shave the king again.

He took the road to the North.

Then came the knight armed to the teeth with toilet accessories, with his helmet glittering a long way off. He stepped jauntily, for he was very conceited and believed that the princess loved him because of his long moustache.

He went South.

And last of all Peter passed through the gate; but all four roads having been taken, he walked round the walls of the city and sat down underneath the windows of the golden-domed palace.

The night drew on, and the stars shone out, but still he made no effort to move, for he was

already deeply in love with the peerless Princess Palmira, and he could form no plans for finding the Golden Palm, as his thoughts persistently turned to her radiant eyes and lovely face.

And as he sat there, without any effort on his part his heart and lips framed an extemporaneous song to the peerless Princess. His musical voice broke the stillness with the words:—

“ The night is cold and dark and drear,
The hours are long and lonely,
Because, my love, thou art not near
And thou my love art only.

The stars are pale, like shining tears,
The evening breeze is weeping,
My heart is faint with love's own fears,
Whilst all the earth is sleeping.

But to-morrow stars will brightly shine,
Away will flee all sorrow,
For thy tender hand will rest in mine,
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.”

He ceased, and sighed.

Above his head he heard a movement at one of the windows ; and then a sweet treble voice, to the same tune, sang in reply,

“ To-morrow's sun will brightly gleam
When we at last are meeting,
The past will fade as fades a dream
When those who love are greeting.

And, oh, the joy to know us two
No power but death can sever,
To know that thou wast always true
And I am thine for ever.



Peter fights the wicked Uncle.

For to-morrow birds will blithely sing,
Away will vanish sorrow,
And the dawn will thee, my darling, bring
To-morrow, love, to-morrow."

It was Palmira. Quite naturally she had taken up the burthen of his song.

With a cry of delight Peter sprang to his feet.

"O my Princess! my Princess! It cannot be true! Is it really you?" he asked, gazing upward.

A moon ray fell upon her sweet face, lighting up her transparent loveliness.

"Yes, Peter," she whispered, "It is I—Palmira."

Then he found himself telling her how much he loved her, and she was not displeased with him.

"But, oh, I can *never* win you," he ended mournfully, "for I shall not be able to find the Golden Palm."

"My love," she answered, "I have had a dream. It is that the Palm-bearer's wicked uncle stole the Golden Palm, for he has a very ugly daughter, and of course if she extracts the soap and uses it, she will become beautiful—"

"Never so beautiful as you," broke in Peter.

She smiled. "Well, if he has got it, do you think you can regain it? He is very fierce and lives in a castle across the river. There is only one boat, and that belongs to him and is sure to be moored upon his bank."

"I will swim over and fight him," said Peter, clenching his fists.

"Be careful, for my sake—Hark! Someone is coming!" And she drew the window to.

"I've been looking for you," whispered the intruder. It was the fat man. "I thought you

might know if the Golden Palm is found. If it is not, I must try and cross the river and take refuge with my wicked uncle."

"The river! Your wicked Uncle!" exclaimed Peter. "That is where I want to go. I believe he has stolen the Golden Palm. Will you help me to reach his castle."

"Come with me," said the fat man.

So Peter went with him; and after they had travelled about ten miles, they reached the water's edge.

"The river is five miles wide," said the fat man, "and the boat is on the other shore."

Peter sat down in despair, for he knew he could not swim that distance.

Just then he heard a hoarse chuckle and a splashing in the water. In another moment his friend, the crocodile came up the bank.

"Hullo!" said the crocodile. "What are you doing here?—I just came down for a bathe. It's grand!"

"I want to cross the river," said Peter disconsolately, "and so does our fat friend."

"That's easily done," said the crocodile. "You very kindly gave me some lunch this morning, so jump on my back, I'll soon ferry you to the other bank."

Peter scarcely knew how to thank him sufficiently. But the crocodile cut him short.

"Come along, gents," he cried. "Come along. Bank, Bank, Bank. Any more for the Bank? Penny all the way. Bank, Bank, Bank."

"I like my food alive & kicking", said the Crocodile.



Peter soon got astride his scaly back, but the fat man seemed a little nervous.

"Would you like to get inside?" asked the crocodile, opening his mouth. There's plenty of room."

"No, thanks. I much prefer riding in the open air," answered the fat man, shuddering. And he, too, clambered up.

Then the crocodile plunged into the river, and swam swiftly with his passengers to the other shore.

The fat man volunteered to stealthily enter the castle and search for the Golden Palm, for he was familiar with the place.

After a while he came out on tip-toe bearing the wonderful Golden Palm Branch in his hand.

"I found it in my cousin's bed-room on the wash-stand," he whispered. "I glanced at her as she slept. She was once as ugly as a County-Court summons, but since using the Golden Palm she has grown good-looking! I think I shall come back and marry her, when all the bother has blown over."

The crocodile only grunted. He had designed a different future for the fat man.

Peter was so delighted to see the Palm that he jumped about shouting "Hurrah!" and awoke the fat man's uncle, who got out of bed, making horrible threats, and sprang from the battlements.

He rushed at Peter with a bludgeon, and they fought for twenty minutes, whilst the fat man waddled to the river with the Palm.

The uncle was very strong, but Peter avoided his bludgeon; and when his enemy began to get out of breath, he caught him a well aimed blow under the chin and sent him sprawling on his back.

Then Peter ran and drew the plug out of the bottom of the boat so that it sank ; and the crocodile carried them back across the river.

Day was dawning when they neared the marble city.

The Lord High Admiral espied them as he was ambling home on his piebald pony, after a fruitless search ; and he rode towards them in a great rage, for he noticed that the fat man had escaped from his cage.

But when he saw the Golden Palm he forgot all about him, and smiled, and squinted at his long nose in sheer delight.

" Thank you, thank you," he said to Peter, " I will take it to the palace at once," and he took fourpence-halfpenny and a packet of pins from his pocket, and held it out in exchange for the Golden Palm.

" The Golden Palm is not for *you*," said Peter indignantly.

" It is not for *you*," echoed the fat man and the crocodile.

" How *dare* you ! " screamed the Lord High Admiral. " Give it to me this instant, or I will boil you all."

" I like my food alive and kicking," said the crocodile, opening his mouth, and with one snap and a gulp he seized the Lord High Admiral and swallowed him, skewbald pony, cocked hat, gold-braided uniform, wig, tin sword, kitchen-strainer, red flag and all.

" I can't go any further until I have digested this hasty snack," said the crocodile ; and he lay down to bask in the sun.

So Peter and the fat man went on to the city,



"Long live the Golden Palm"!

bearing the Golden Palm in triumph.

Never were such rejoicings as this great event occasioned. The inhabitants of the marble city were mad with delight.

The king pardoned the fat man, at Peter's earnest request : and no one discovered the loss of the Lord High Admiral until it was noticed how much the cooking had improved.

Later on the reinstated Palm-bearer went off with the crocodile to cross the river, for he was determined to woo and win his cousin, now that she had grown beautiful by using the Golden Palm Toilet Soap.

But whether he travelled "inside" or "out" no one except the crocodile knows. He certainly never returned to the palace to bear the Golden Palm.

In a week's time the wedding bells were ringing merrily. The king—nicely shaved—gave the bride away, the knight in armour acted as best man, and the Poet Laureate composed an ode of five thousand verses for the occasion.

The peerless Princess Palmira looked more radiantly lovely than ever, and Peter—all owing to the Golden Palm—was the happiest young man in the Island of Dreams.

So all the people shouted until they were hoarse



Golden Palm Perfume.

"To throw a perfume on the violet" Shakespeare declared to be "wasteful and extravagant excess;" but to catch the violets fleeting perfume, and keep it continually, is a secret that even Shakespeare might have been glad to discover.

People of to-day have the privilege of enjoying just this discovery in the "Golden Palm" Perfumes, made from the Rose, Violet and Heliotrope, and possessing the delicate & individual scent of each flower in durable form.

Golden Palm Perfumes combine subtle sweetness with strength, and retain their qualities; they can therefore be confidently recommended as the Ideal perfumes.

Per Bottle, 1/9 & 3/6.

For Purity & Fragrance



THE
"GOLDEN PALM"
TOILET SOAP
Bears the Palm